

Rev. Mr. Smith's Address to Sabbath School Teachers.

Rev. Mr. Smith, of Malden, in addressing teachers and parents, observed that it is to be feared many are kept from engaging in Sabbath School labor, on the supposition that it is small business to instruct children in the truth. Were they solicited to engage in some enterprise of a more prominent character, in which they would be required to exhibit great bravery and heroism and by which they might attract the attention and win the applause of the world, no doubt every school would be well supplied with devoted teachers. But is it small business to labor in the Sabbath School? Go to the source of mighty rivers, and you will find that a leaf or pebble often gives direction to those rivers. Thus, too, the Sabbath school teacher stands on the summit level of the moral existence of the children under his care. He may turn them either way, toward life or toward death—toward the temple of honor, or toward the valley of disgrace and ruin. Is it small business, he required, to educate children for eternity? Is it small business to give direction to thoughts and feelings that shall never change? Ask counsel of the angels in this matter. Do they regard the labor of instructing children a small matter? They cannot labor in this field, but the teacher may take these young immortals and bear them up to those angels who are ever fluttering on the verge of heaven to receive them. The teacher should never regard his work as small business while he is striking chords to vibrate to eternal years—while he is giving an impulse to life that shall increase and widen forever. Leave a little child without moral instruction,—never wake up his moral powers,—let his sea of life remain unagitated by the rippling of a single wave, and he may live his appointed time, but it will be a life without thought, without invention, and without progress,—a living body with a dead soul! The truth imparted to children is a *living principle*. If we would start into life the dormant energies of the soul,—if we would awaken the mind from the sleep of ages, and send it out on unfaltering wing to explore the whole domain of thought,—if we would lift up men from the lowest depths of degradation to the highest state of civilization, we must plant within the heart the truth. Nor can this be done at once; it will require patient effort—just such effort as is demanded of the Sabbath School teacher. He is to simply, illustrate, and repeat the truth in every possible form; this is the moral training which youth require.

But these truths continued Mr. S., are also far-reaching in their influence; the little wave will extend itself over the world. The influence of free principles in this land has waked up thought throughout Europe. The people are demanding a more free and liberal policy in their civil affairs. Enterprise, interest, and new life, are springing up in every nation. And is not the teacher aiding to plant truth in the heart of the nation? Is he not aiding to do that without which our nation, at this day, would have been a howling waste? Is he not aiding to overthrow sin and error in all its organized forms in every portion of the world? His influence is not confined to its own circle; it is widening every day. In speaking to his class, he is speaking to the people of every land. He is contributing the material that forms the clouds which great and good thoughts all over the world. The truth he teaches will not die.

It is not small business then to labor in the Sabbath school, especially for the conversion of children. A little child converted to God is a soul saved. It may die in youth, but let the teacher remember that the sweetest flowers that bloom on the hills of immortality, began to open here on earth, but were transplanted to those more genial climes by the hands of angels. The teacher may never be known as the hero of a victorious battle,—he may never be able to write an Iliad, but the time hasteneth when he will be more honored for having been the means, under God, of winning a little soul to Christ.

It requires true bravery to labor in this department of life. It requires faith, and truly there is real bravery in faith. It requires a strong, courageous soul to meet successfully and encounter the enemies of the inner man. There is true bravery exhibited in the prosecution of an enterprise that taxes so fully the patience, strength, and faith, as does that of the teacher's work. He who engages in his work with an eye intent on the end of his labors,

meets every obstacle manfully, endures opposition without complaint, and is contented with the progress he may naturally expect, can give no higher proof of his bravery. And proof of true courage here, is a proof of a preparation for any and every department of life.

The successful Sabbath school teacher is a true hero. Entering the field single handed and alone, in the fullest confidence of success, he is not agitated by fears or doubts. In the calmness and firmness of faith, he prosecuted his labors, turning neither to the right hand or the left. The time has been—indeed now is, when those only have been regarded heroes, who have succeeded in paying their way to the temple of fame, with the bones of their slain, but the time hastens, when he who shall make some human heart lighter and better, shall succeed in pushing his victories the farthest into the territory of the inner man, scattering the darkness, removing the rubbish, and thus preparing man to be himself, noble and good, will be regarded as the true hero.

There are, indeed, difficulties of no small magnitude in the way of the teacher, but these will not discourage the manly, earnest soul. And we need more men of this stamp in the field.

The Sabbath school, too, has claims upon parents. It is designed to aid them in training up their children in the fear of the Lord. It cannot take their place, and release them from individual responsibility, but it may aid them in their spiritual labors with their children. The Sabbath school is but the improvement of the system adopted by our fathers for the moral education of their children. As such let parents now love and sustain it, in the fond hope that by instilling into the young mind of the present generation, the principles of truth, and early impressing upon it the love and fear of God, our people will increase in wealth, intelligence, and virtue, and the way be prepared for the final triumph of truth throughout the earth.

Piety and the Atonement.

The distinguishing traits of evangelical piety appear in high relief in the light which shines from the atonement. It is this doctrine which gives evangelical godliness or piety its peculiarity. That piety takes from the atonement its entire image and fashion, its every line and point, as the clay receives whatever is engraved on the seal. The atonement in evangelical doctrine is a fulness that filleth all in all. It is the ground of all, it sustains all, it permeates all, it gives life and form and power to all. It has the same pre-eminence and importance in the piety which corresponds to this doctrine as its just counterpart. The impress of the atonement on the soul and the character is the sum—the *all* of evangelical piety. That piety is nothing else than the doctrine of Christ, co-existent and co-eternal with God; Deity incarnate; incarnate Deity suffering for the sins of men, the just instead of the unjust—this doctrine written on the heart by the spirit of the living God, and exhibited in the life and conduct. We have not time to examine this subjective image particularly—the sense of mystery and wonder, the humility, the annihilation of self-wisdom, self righteousness, and self-will, the filial dread of the Divine Majesty, the contrition and brokenness of heart, the sense of the evil of sin, the love and delight in Christ, the love and gratitude to God, the peace, the joy, the hope, the praise, and other traits comprised in it. But one thing we cannot forbear to observe—that there is in the piety which answers to the atonement as the image to the seal, an absolute, overwhelming conviction of the final and aggravated condemnation of unbelievers. That the atonement, with all its inherent evidences of divinity, and all the testimonial signs and wonders and other outward proofs by which it is confirmed, should not be received by those to whom it is offered; that this great salvation should be neglected, this only means be despised, by which man could be saved; how appalling the thought, how full of amazing terror! How shall they escape, where shall they appear, who tread under foot the atoning blood of the eternal Son of God!

There is a piety whose most distinguishing characteristic seems to be aversion to that which is termed Evangelical. It has many recommendations. It melts with tenderness, it bows with reverence, it smiles with complacency, it rejoices with confidence and hope, at its own religious views. It often discourses with fluent, and gentle, and tasteful language, in praise of itself; and it certainly bath many fruits of natural goodness and self-culture to boast of. But so indifferent, so inimical is it to the majesty and glory of God, that when the great Deity

is mentioned, by which alone it was made possible to keep the Divine honor unsullied and immaculate, while grace is shown to men, then this piety is ready to cry out, 'away with it, away with it,' as the Jews expressed their scorn of the Son of God, when Pilate brought him forth to them, saying, 'behold your king.' No wickedness moves its indignation sooner or more profoundly than the doctrine of the atonement. If that doctrine be true, of what avail will his piety be, when God taketh away the soul?

—Rev. Dr. Skinner.

The Right Spirit.

The following incident, was related by Rev. W. Brock, at the anniversary of the London Missionary Society:

I know a farmer in Norfolk, a very small farmer, rather to be called a ploughman, but he had some mechanical ingenuity, and he invented a considerable improvement on the ordinary plough. Having done this, he thought he should like to get introduced to Prince Albert, that he might have permission to use his name. His landlord got him the necessary introduction, and he went to the palace with the model of the plough. The introduction being sent in, it was received, and he was told that he must wait a little. The good man a deacon of a Baptist Church, thus found himself in the precincts of the royal palace, and he knew how to behave himself, for the Christianity of which he was pre-eminently subject, taught him how to behave in the palace of princes. (Cheers.)

Some two or three days intervened, and at the last, he was to see His Royal Highness with the plough. There were two or three models with which His Royal Highness was pleased, and it was called the Albert plough. After this was over, he drew out his pocket-book, and said: "Please your Royal Highness, I sometimes write a little poetry. When Her Majesty came of age, I wrote a little about that, when Her Majesty was married, I wrote a little about that, (Laughter, and cheers.) I have had them all copied out, if you would please to give them to Her Majesty." With great kindness, characteristic of good nature, the poetry was accepted just in the same spirit in which it was presented. I will not answer for the versification, but I know that it was thoroughly steeped with evangelical sentiments—right evangelical loyalty.—(Hear, hear.)

The good man came home rather important, not improperly so, especially for the town where he lived. He had not been home more than a few days, before there came by the old Telegraph coach, a large parcel with the royal arms. The porter wondered, and the landlord wondered that Mr. John Smith should have such a parcel as that; but there it was, and when it was opened, there was a copy of 'Bagster's Comprehensive Bible,' sent down by Her Majesty herself as a token of approval of the poetry of John Smith. This set him up. He and his wife looked at it, and they knew not how to contain themselves, inferring that there was in that incident an imitation of what was going on in certain quarters, in which we may all rejoice.—(Cheers.)

In Caesar's household there were those who served the Lord; and I hope we have something like it our own palace. That, however, is not the end of the ingenuity. It occurred in the year of the Baptist Jubilee, and when they were about building a Sunday School connected with the church of which he was a deacon. They were musing upon it, and he said to his wife,

'If we could but get Prince Albert's name, we could show the Bible for a shilling, and give something to the Missionary Jubilee Fund, and we might give something to the Sunday school.'

He wrote a letter to ask, if His Royal Highness would please to put his name in the Bible;—for it was the year of the Missionary Jubilee, and he would like it. There came back a letter to say that if he would send the Bible it should be done forthwith.

"No," he said, "I shall not send it, I will go."

So to London he went, found that the Royal Family were at Windsor, whither he followed them, and the old porter bade him welcome. He could not see the Prince for a day or two, but more than once he bowed his knee in domestic worship under the roof of her Majesty. By and by he was told that the Prince would see him, and he went in with the Bible in his hand. The Prince put his name in it, and he then said, 'Do you think her Majesty would put her name in it?' (Laughter and cheers.) That is what I call

downright ingenuity—that is, a liberal mind devising liberal things—that is a heart in the right place, and having its eye upon the right object. With the most perfect readiness, for which I to my dying day shall honor him, His Royal Highness said, 'I will ask.' He took the Bible, brought it back with her Majesty's signature, and gave it to John Smith, who returned home and asked his neighbours to come and look at the Bible on one condition, namely, that they should pay a shilling each (laughter and cheers,) and out of that he raised from 40 to 50 pounds (cheers)—for the purpose to which I have referred. I say, God speed the ploughman, and God save the Queen! and let us 'go and do likewise.' (Long continued cheering.)

Mystery, Reason, and Faith.

Night comes over a ship at sea, and a passenger lingers hour after hour alone on the deck. The waters plunge, and welter, and glide away beneath the keel. Above, the sails tower up in the darkness, almost to the sky, and their shadows fall as it were a burden on the deck below. In the clouded night no star is to be seen, and as the ship changes her course, the passenger knows not what way is east, or west, or north, or south. What islands, what sunken rocks may be on her course—or what that course is, or where they are, he knows not. All around him is mystery. He bows down in the submission of utter ignorance.

But men of science have read the laws of the sky. And the next day this passenger beholds the captain looking at a clock and taking note of the place of the sun, and with the aid of a couple of books, comprized of rules and mathematical tables, making calculations. And when he has completed them, he is able to point almost with a hand's breadth to the place at which, after unnumbered windings, he has arrived in the midst of the seas. Storms may have beat, and currents drifted, but he knows where they are, and the precise point where, a hundred leagues over the water, lies his native shore. Here is reason appreciating and making use of the revelations (if we may so call them) of science.

Night again shuts down over the waste of the waves, and the passenger beholds a single seaman at the wheel, and watch, hour after hour, as it vibrates beneath a lamp, a little needle, which points ever, as if it was a living finger, to the steady pole.

The man knows nothing of the rules of navigation, nothing of the courses of the sky. But reason and experience have given him *faith* in the commanding officer of the ship—faith in the laws that control her course—faith in the unerring integrity of the little guide before him. And so, without a single doubt he steers his ship on, according to a prescribed direction, through night and the waves. And that faith is not disappointed. With the morning sun he beholds far away the summits of the gray and misty highlands, rising like a cloud in the horizon; and as he hears them, the hills appear, and the light at the entrance of the harbour, and, sight of joy! the shining roofs among which he strives to detect his own.

Thus it is with man while navigating the sea of time. Mystery attends him at the beginning of the voyage of life;—mystery attends the progress of his being, and in mystery does he enter the haven of eternity. Yet his pathway across the deep may be happy and safe if his reason be enlightened with the light of life, and his vessel be steered by the compass of faith in the Divine promises. Amid the darkness and the storms of life and death the mind which is thus illuminated and governed, will realise a confidence and a hope which is as 'an anchor to the soul both sure and steadfast.' Clouds and darkness may indeed be round about the christian as he approaches the extreme verge of time, but he knows that the morning of eternity shall dawn upon his spirit with unclouded glory. 'For we know that when this earthly house of our tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.'—*Toronto Examiner*.

Written Words.

We commend the following extract to our young friends, for its beauty and truth of sentiment. It expresses what many have felt, and what many more may feel, if they do not take the warning thus gently and gravely offered:—
"It were well if we thought more of the tremendous significance of written words. They are irrevocable—unchangeable—eternal, no after penitence can erase, no returning tenderness soften, no prayer remove them. Once written they are written forever upon the heart of him who reads them. Speak harshly to a friend, and it may be easily given and soon forgotten; the next tone betrays relenting, the merest gesture